

HANOVER, AUGUST 6, 1803.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE intentions of the Publisher in sending into the world this first number of the LITERARY TABLET, which will be found the offspring of no one man's brain, is, to promote the increase of literature in this portion of a country, which has already advanced to a state of refinement excelled by none of the nations of the eastern continent.

His pretensions to encouragement, he rests entirely on the merits of the work—and sincerely hopes that, like the unprotected orphan, it will find every door a door of hospitality, so long as its pages continue to interest, instruct or amuse.

The Proprietor has engaged in the editorial department, a person who promises but little original matter, but will devote the few leisure hours he can steal from professional pursuits and necessary avocations to a selection for the TABLET, that shall be interesting, pleasing and instructive.

Essays and others, who feel an interest in the promotion of the cause in which we are engaged, are requested to furnish us with communications, containing their ideas on any subject, relating either to Morality, General Literature, History, Biography, the Fine Arts or Agriculture.

HINDU PHILOSOPHER.

The following is the substance of the advertisement of the Publishers, prefixed to the Boston edition of the Letters of SHAHCOOLEN.

THE Letters, which compose this volume, were originally published in the New-York "Commercial Advertiser;" and appear to have been the leisure-hour lucubrations of some ingenious correspondent of that well edited paper. A few of the first numbers, having been republished in this place, several literary Gentlemen suggested to the Editors the propriety of collecting and publishing in a volume this valuable specimen of American Literature. With this view, they addressed a letter to the anonymous author of the Letters of SHAHCOOLEN, requesting his permission for their publication. To this, with diffidence, he consented, and immediately forwarded, after a hasty revision, a regular file of all, that at present he intended to publish. Of their literary excellence, the public may now form an opinion. It is therefore unnecessary to enter on a critical discussion of their merits. The sentiments however, which they inculcate, are certainly of the purest tendency; and are calculated to display to posterity some of the leading traits in the manners and principles of the Eighteenth Century. In the character of a Native of Hindustan, it was necessary to adopt the Eastern manner of composition. Comparing them with the few specimens of Oriental Literature, we have seen, the Author has been happy in his imitation. The style of those Eastern writers may appear too florid and glowing to a corrected taste of more northern climes. Enjoying a milder atmosphere, their feelings and imaginations are more warm and vivid, their language and mode of expression will of course be more brilliant, and be ornamented with a greater variety of metaphorical allusion. The Author of these letters, however, has preserved the leading features of their style, without following them in their excursions of wild similitude and extravagant hyperbole.—This manner of writing has already been successfully attempted by the most distinguished among

the English, German, and French writers, and those who have read, and admired the *Citizen of the World*, or the *Persian Letters*, will not be displeased with those of SHAHCOOLEN.

LETTER FIRST.

DEARLY BELOVED EL HASSAN,

THOU knowest how, breaking thro' that custom of my country, which confines the HINDU to his native soil, and yielding to my ruling passion, the love of knowledge, I left the delightful fields of Agra, where fragrance floats in every breeze, and beauty glows in every prospect, and steered my course to the British Isles.—Thou knowest, how I explored every European region, from rocky and inhospitable Norway, to the luxuriant plains of Sicily; noting in my progress, the various shades of character and manners, and transmitting thee, from time to time, the story of my travels.

Pursuing still the favorite object of my life, I am now fixed for a season, in this great city, the emporium of this western world.

Thou rememberest that I told thee of a new sect of Philosophers, lately arisen in Europe, who profess to teach mankind, in a mode entirely new, the way to virtue, and to happiness. The established laws, religion, manners and maxims of their country they condemn; and teach, that man, by nature perfect, needs but to follow nature's impulse; and his own energies will carry him to virtue and to glory.

This new Philosophy has spread, in a greater or less degree, over the whole of civilized Europe, and it is incu'cated, and believed by multitudes in America.

To a Hindu, who has been taught from his cradle, to believe implicitly the holy Bramins, to copy the manners of his ancestors, and to venerate the religion of the great Brumma, such doctrines appear impious and horrible.

But thou must not think, that I am in a country like Hindustan.

Here the God of the land, whom they call Jehovah; his son and the partner of his throne, Jesus Christ, the Saviour; and a third person of the Godhead, the Sanctifier; thus resembling the three great emanations of the divine Brumma, are every day insulted and blasphemed. Their holy Veda and Shahslah, denominated the Bible, are not only opposed by argument, but made the subject of standing ridicule; they are quoted and alluded to, in the expression of their most lewd and profane conceptions; and many, affecting a peculiar brilliancy of wit, repeat with the most blasphemous levity, such passages of these sacred books, as appear, even to my mind, replete with holy grandeur.

The Bramins or Priests, whom we in Hindustan venerate and love, whose persons and employment we believe too sacred to be made the theme of familiar discourse, are here loaded with obloquy and contempt, charged with such nefarious designs, as are imputed by us, only to the despised vagabonds of the Cast of Hari.

The pagodas or temples, in which we place the image of the great Brumma, of Vavafwata, of Mahadeva, and of the other Gods, into which we never enter without ablution, and from which we never depart without prostrate devotion, are here thrown open upon common and profane occasions. In them they assemble to debate concerning their public affairs; to elect their Rajahs and Sultans; and sometimes, to exhibit a strange kind of performance, called a comedy or tragedy, in which the scenes of real life are professedly

exhibited, persons and manners are ridiculed, blood is shed, and war waged in jest.

Thou knowest that a Hindu never speaks of his Sultan, but with the most reverential respect; his character he always defends; his mandates he ever obeys; and his death he sincerely deploras. The Sultan is considered, by the Hindu, as the head, the prince and the father of his people; and to enable him to promote his people's welfare, their lives, their talents and their fortunes are placed entirely at his disposal. His glory is their glory, and his prosperity their happiness.

But in this country the Sultan is the servant of the people. By them, his merits are freely discussed, his failings magnified, and his virtues diminished; he is the jest of every vulgar tongue; his measures are examined, censured and opposed; and, as he is indebted to the people for his elevation, so he depends upon them for the existence of his dignity; and therefore, descends from his precarious throne, whenever his sovereign, the people, see fit to direct.

I am told that the state of things which I have described, is imputed in part, to the influence of the new philosophy. It is the spirit of this philosophy to reduce all things to one common level; to pull down the Gods from their thrones, and to trample the kings of the earth in the dust. It interferes in every concern of public, and of private life; and aims at a total change in every department of society.

A system of philosophy so singular, and which has already produced very extensive and fatal effects, cannot be uninteresting to a philosopher.

I shall therefore, my dear El Hassan, endeavor to trace the operations of this new philosophy, upon the affairs of this western world; and shall not fail to communicate my discoveries, connected with such other interesting remarks, as have probably never reached the walls of Delhi, nor employed before, the contemplations of a Hindu Philosopher.

Thou, who inhabitest a country, whose laws, customs and ideas, are immutably fixed, wilt learn with astonishment, that no custom is here so sacred, and no doctrine so venerable, as to be secure against the innovations of the new philosophy. For a number of years it has filled the finest countries of Europe with desolation and carnage; and those regions, which it has not ravaged, have been rent asunder by factions; every man has taken his side, and not unfrequently, members of the same family and partners of the same house, are seen in opposite ranks.

The latter part of this description is applicable to America. Even here, the most distant regions of the empire, although equally remote from each other, as the mountains of Kuttner from the mouths of the Ganges, are hailing, with the most extravagant exultation, the first dawnings of the new illumination.

The new philosophy is the ruling topic of discussion; it is perpetually contested and advocated, by the learned and the great; while the lowest classes of society, of the same degree as those in Hindustan of the casts of Sudder and Hari, implicitly believe the dogmas, which they are taught.

Not the music of Nared, should he tune to sweetest harmony his heavenly lyre, nor the melodious numbers of the sisters Gopia, singing, by moon-light, in the fragrant groves of the sacred mountain Goverdhan, would be able to allure a modern Philosopher from these bewildering speculations. May the almighty Brumma illuminate the mind of my dear El Hassan, and preserve him till he shall again receive the embraces of his faithful

SHAHCOOLEN.

BIOGRAPHY.

BIOGRAPHY is in general a most pleasing as well as instructive branch of literature. When properly and honestly written, it unveils man to man; it discovers the virtues and the vices, the nobleness and the meanness, of which he is capable; and it shews how the original sameness of human nature is varied by the operation of external causes into ten thousand different shapes, and assumes as many shades and hues. Man, to be known, must be viewed in every situation; and whenever he is fairly exhibited, whatever may have been his rank, station or circumstances of birth or fortune, a valuable addition is made to science. Whether the record respects the struggles of talents and worth through the chilling regions of obscurity and penury, up to the glittering eminences of fame and reward; or whether it details the operations of pride and ambition on minds born to wealth and power: it presents an useful lesson, which those who are exposed to exertion and virtue will not read in vain. It should be remembered, however, that the utility of biography must depend on the integrity and good sense of the biographer. He should consider that he is not undertaking a panegyric, but a *life*; that he should assume a style adapted to his subject, and guard against the temptation of swelling it to an undue importance. Sometimes friendship, and sometimes the vanity of authorship, drives the biographer on these rocks.

[Monthly Review.]

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

AN EXTRACT.

HOW irrational the history of Atheists! For, that God exists, the universe bears the most ample testimony. Not a section nor a page in the vast and instructive volume of nature, which lies open before us, but inculcates the doctrine. At home, abroad, in the most public and solitary employments and conditions, we are presented with the evidence of Divine Existence. Every object from the least grain of sand to the globe itself, from the crawling worm to the immortal Newton who explores the celestial world, is God's witness before the bar of reason. To be atheists in practice is easy, but to be atheists in theory is hard work indeed.—How blind, stupid, and brutish is the real atheist! Who shall attempt to reason with the senseless monster, while he discards the divine existence, and wantonly tramples upon all the reason in the universe? He who cannot see God every where, and in every object of nature, must expect to grope in the obscurity of darkness; for criminal ignorance and fatal blindness have closed and sealed his eyes. Blessed be God, atheists are not beyond the influence of his almighty arm. He can with a word enlighten their minds, change their hearts, and teach them to adore his majesty at the altar of devotion. Since there is evidence of God's existence, it is manifest that we are absolutely in his hands, and can expect no protection but from his agency. To oppose God, then, is fruitless, if not dangerous. If he resolves to kill us, we must die; and if he determines to spare us, we shall live. For who can prevent the execution of his irreversible and irresistible decree? Alas! how dreadful to fall into the hands of Almighty God in our sins, unless he holds the sceptre of mercy as well as the sword of vindictive justice!

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A FABLE.

AN Ape, who had long been chained in a large court yard, one night broke loose. Half frantic at the unexpected event, Pug gave way to a thousand wild vagaries: he instantly demolished a cumbrous kennel, in which he had been sometime tied up; then he fell to hugging, scratching, biting, pinching, and throttling the coachman's pretty

little tame favourites—puppies and kittens, promiscuously, squirrels, guinea fowls, and white mice, &c. &c. all, unpitied, fell beneath his fangs!—Next, the mischievous beast bolted in at the stable door; tore bridles, saddles, and housings, to pieces; defaced the arms and emblazements of the carriages; and at length, dragging down the lantern that carelessly hung from the rafter, he set fire to the premises. The coachman, who slept in the loft, was himself smothered in the flames.

In a contiguous out-shed stood a trunk, containing the poor man's wardrobe; thither our blundering incendiary briskly repaired, where, for four hours together, he dressed and undressed himself with the most hideous yells and gesticulations. At every wanton change, Pug would sit demurely down amidst the mouldering ruins of the stable with the greatest nonchalance, as in a place of perfect safety; but as soon as the unextinguished embers scorched him, up he would jump in dismay, run off, screaming, to the out-shed just mentioned, and again strip. He would then furiously ransack the trunk anew, select some new piece of frippery, and repeat his antics:—day, at last, dawned, and every horrid extravagance became fully apparent.

A neighbor's mastiff passed the yard:—“Collared slave,” exclaimed the Ape, “approach, and worship!—Lo! here I sit supreme—I am enlightened—I am free!”

“Alas! poor maniac!” replied the honest creature.—“Poor maniac! from my heart I pity thee. Who now shall give thee food?—who now shall shield thee from the sad effects of thine own unruly passions?—Thy master, with all his pretty favourites, thou hast butchered in thy sport! Alas! the smoke and ashes that surround thee are the sole dire recompense for all thy vengeful labours. Free thou art;—but how?—by violence, by massacre, by conflagration!—And for what?—to lacerate, to harass, to consume, thine own flesh!—I cannot, will not, respect thee.”

“Thou callest me collared slave!—’Tis true, I am curbed; you see, however, that my master allows me the free use of my limbs: were I to transgress, could you blame him for restraining me in future?—My collar is a badge of discipline—not of slavery; the spikes in it are purposely placed there for my defence: I wear his honoured name, engraven thereon, as a pledge of solemn assurance that he will vindicate my rights, though he is not unmindful of his own.—Poor maniac!—fare thee well!”

REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

A LADY is now resident at Brussels, who relates the following history of her almost miraculous escape from the hands of the late revolutionary assassins at Lyons, in France.

Having been condemned to death, she was led, with a number of persons in the same unhappy situation, to the scaffold, and had the misery of beholding many wretched victims suffer death under the stroke of the guillotine: the executioner, at length, declared himself so fatigued, that he could proceed no further in this horrid business without refreshment. This Lady was not yet bound; and in the interval, finding herself free, she jumped down into the crowd, and being unhurt, and probably assisted, mixed with the multitude, and got away. She ran and walked without stopping all that day, and the next night; when she was so exhausted, that she was forced to lie down for a few hours in a wood. After a short interval of rest, she resumed her flight; and, seeing a house, she ventured to go to it, and there related the story of her marvellous escape. They assisted her with food, disguised her like a beggar, and then dismissed her, and she proceeded on her journey, till she reached Berne; after which, at her leisure, she was conveyed to Brussels.

It is to be hoped that a life so spared has not been spared in vain.

The manner of catching Black Cattle in Brazil is thus described in Murphy's travels in Portugal, as represented at the Circus in Lisbon.

A native of Pernambuco entered the arena mounted upon a spirited horse of the Arabian breed. The rider was of a copper colour, of a strong and active figure, his hair black, and his head uncovered. He wore a loose mantle, somewhat like the paludamentum of the ancient Romans. The skin of a wild beast was thrown loosely over the horse instead of a saddle, from which were suspended two cords for stirrups. The whole appeared quite in character.

As soon as the cavalier had paid his obeisance to the audience, a bull, whose natural ferocity was heightened in the stall, rushed in, and had nearly overturned him in the first onset; the fleetness of his horse, and the dexterity with which he managed the reins, only could have saved his life. The furious animal pursued him several times round the arena till he became tired, after which he stood panting in the middle of the ring.

The horseman continued his circular course at an easy pace, holding a long cord in his hand, with a slip-knot at the end of it: having watched a proper opportunity, he cast it over the horns of the bull, and rode twice round him; then ordering the gate to be thrown open, he made off in full speed till he came to the full length of the cord; upon which he received a check that drew him on his back, and made the horse caper on his hind feet; nevertheless he clung to him by his knees, and in this reclined posture, held the cord in both hands and the bridle in his mouth. The bull at this time was entangled by the rope, with his head drawn in between his fore-feet, and incapable of motion. The Brazilian dismounted, approached, and drew from beneath his mantle a short hunting spear, which, with an apparent slight force, he darted into the head of the animal, in consequence of which he instantly fell down and expired.

STANZAS.

On the mutability of earthly enjoyments.

And didst thou think, fond youth, to sail
Secure across life's billowy sea?
And didst thou think the wavering gale
Would always blow direct for thee?

Ah, no! I know the treacherous storm,
Hush'd in grim silence, loves to sleep,
While yet no boisterous winds deform
The tranquil bosom of the deep.

But Hope's bright fan had clear'd the sky—
(A vivid arch of purest blue)
And not a wandering cloud was nigh
To intercept the blissful view.

Who but would trust a scene so fair,
With every earthly bliss replete?
Could Discontent or pining Care
Usurp young Hope's resplendent seat?

They could not—and perchance the mind,
To Nature's early dictates true,
Trusted too easily to find
That happiness we all pursue.

Alas! that happiness below
Solicits our pursuits in vain—
Hark, hark! the howling tempests blow,
Dark clouds the spotless ether stain.

Yet struggling through the deepening gloom,
Fair Hope still pours a feeble ray;
Thus the lone mansions of the tomb,
The lamp illumines with doubtful day.

Then grieve not thou, whoe'er thou be,
To life's tumultuous storms resign'd,
There is a Power who looks on thee,
And tempers to thy state the wind.

[Port Folio.]

For the LITERARY TABLET.

MOURNFUL as the murmuring of the waving willow, when ruffled by the approaching storm, destined to trouble the eve of an expiring autumn, that bends its pensive branches over the dewy grave of some love-lorn maiden;—alike mournful rose the sigh of the sorrow-stricken MATILDA, abandoned by her friends and by her cruel seducer: forlorn, she sat on her mossy stone; spring smiled upon her hopes; summer nursed her doubts; autumn witnessed her anguish; and winter was just advancing to close the eventful year on her despair and death. "Where, where," she exclaimed, "where is the perfidious man, who has robbed my youth of its peace, my mind of its innocence, my once fair fame of its honour, my tortured brain of its reason?—Where is the perjured EDWARD, who this fatal morning trod this church-yard path? In the sacred temple, and at the still more sacred altar, he has insulted his God by staining the sanctuary with unhallowed vows—vows not his own to give—torn from my bleeding heart, where he once bade me lodge them!—Ah, wretch! he has stolen the deposit, and left the poor cabinet vacant and in ruin!—But the thunder of Heaven will not sleep; injustice will be visited by vengeance; and the death of MATILDA will not pass unmarked in the dreadful record of insulted innocence."

She spoke, and beneath the almost leafless branches of a withering tree, shrunk from the drenching rain. The dawn at length arose; the advancing sun dispersed the clouds, and gave useful splendor to the tears of Matilda! rushing from her heart, they fell undistinguished among the gems of the morning. While life animates the form, though sorrow dims the cheek and sinks the eye, the beams of the East will play upon the heart, chasing for at least a moment the dark anguish of the troubled bosom.—Matilda raised her eyes and blessed the reviving rays. She wandered to a mouldering ruin, which lent its gloomy dignity to an embowering grove. There resided the Genius of Solitude, the fair friend of virtue, the gentle reclamer from error, the scourge of vice. The high arched windows, ivy fringed and time decayed, were partially illumined, giving a sombre glory to the whole.—"Power supreme," said the wandering Matilda, "let me, in this interval of reason, confess the justice of my punishment; let me bless that goodness which has preserved me, amidst all the cruelties I have experienced from an offended father, from impiously artful thy goodness! The comfortable radiance darting from the heavens to cheer the inhabitants of the earth, revives my drooping frame. Thy hope revisits the chambers of my heart, and prompts me to seek the mansion of a recollected friend, who may not, as a parent has done, deny shelter and food to a wandering penitent."

MATILDA, not yet seventeen, was the only child of a once fond parent: indulged in every wish, and flattered into vanity, her gay heart panted after the pleasures of a dissipated world. But who shall swim in the streams of human felicity and escape the surr unding rocks of destruction?—Adulation enervates virtue. Many were the admirers of MATILDA; she listened, believing all they said; but EDWARD alone touched her heart. High birth and princely fortune swelled the bosom of his father. Though enamoured of Matilda's charms, the ambition of Edward checked the generous impulses of love. He played upon a heart already too much in his power: he protested his truth, and made a sacred promise.—Could Matilda think evil of the man she adored? Her own mind, pure and unfulfilled, could she meanly doubt the purity of his? Alas! she gave her faith and became the victim of seduction.

Convinced too late of Edward's perfidy, she disclosed to her father the dreadful secret. He turned with horror from his child; and in proportion to the degree with which he before idolized, his resentment was kindled against her. Such are the transitions of affection founded on caprice, rather than on principle.

The history of the ill fated MATILDA remains an important memento to injudicious parents—Let no child taste even the innocent felicities of dissipation, till Religion has fortified the heart, and rendered it invulnerable to every charm of every unlicensed pleasure.

ANTOINETTE.

THOUGHTS ON THE PLEASURES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

OF all the gratifications human nature can enjoy, and of all the delights it is formed to impart, none is equal to that which springs from a long tried and mutual affection. The happiness which arises from conjugal felicity is capable of withstanding the attacks of time, grows vigorous in age, and animates the heart with pleasure and delight, even when the vital fluid can scarcely force a passage through it.

No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife: let him be ever so frugal, industrious, or successful, all avails nothing if she is unfaithful to her trust, or profusely squanders in pleasure and dissipation those sums which toil and application gained; but if she unites in mutual endeavours, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what spirit and perseverance does he apply to his vocation; with what confidence will he resort either to his merchandize or farm; fly over land; sail upon the sea; meet difficulty, and encounter danger,—if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of Home! How delightful is it to have a friend to cheer, and a companion to soothe, the solitary hours of grief and pain! Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage, who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared!

Prudence and foresight can neither ward off the stroke of disease, nor prevent the calamities which are ordained by Heaven. Affluence cannot purchase release from pain, nor tenderness cool a fever in the blood; yet there is an ear open to the married man's complaints; a heart ready to sympathize in his sorrows; an eye bedewed with tender drops of compassion; and a life that is absolutely bound up in his: and as enjoyment derives additional relish from participation, so misery loses the poignancy of its barb, in the bosom formed for sympathetic kindness.

IMPOSTORS.

THOSE numerous ignorant persons who obtrude themselves into the various professions, resemble the Musician mentioned by Father Du-Halde, in his history of China.

Nan-ko, for such was his name, perceived, that the Emperor, who was very musical, had a predilection for a certain instrument, and used to amuse himself by listening to three hundred musicians playing on it at the same time: he concluded, that, with a little effrontery, he might pass in the crowd, and gain an handsome appointment. Accordingly, though he did not know a single note, he contrived to be received in the band, in which he remained several years, without suffering detection in his fraud.

The Emperor, at length, died, and his successor, not being fond of boisterous music, wished to select a few of the best performers in the band, and, for that purpose, ordered each of them to play singly in succession. What could poor Nan-ko do?—When it came to his turn he ran away!—Alas! how many situations in life would be deserted, were all Nan-ko's to follow his example!

EPIGRAM.

GOLD is so docile, learned Chemists say,
That half an ounce will stretch a wondrous way,
The metal's base, or else the Chemists err,
For, now-a-days, our Guineas won't go far.

AGRICULTURAL.

[A Pittsburg paper gives the following directions for raising Barley, a very useful kind of grain, which might be cultivated with great profit in this part of the country.]

To insure a plentiful crop of spring Barley, the ground should be ploughed deep early in October, so as to expose the greatest possible surface to the meliorating influence of the winter frosts, snows and rains: thus one ploughing at this time is worth two at any other season. The seed should be procured of the very best, and in quantity from two to three bushels per acre, observing that the poorer the soil, the great quantity of seed will be required. When you have prepared your land for sowing (which will rarely be well effected under two or three ploughings) and that you find it sufficiently fine, steep all your seed for twenty-four hours in pure clean water, at two runnings; the first water to remain on for twelve hours, then to be run off, and the second to be put on, to the depth of six inches over the surface of the grain; in both wettings, during the steeping, you must frequently stir it in the tub or vessel, so as to cause all the seed weeds, oats and small corn that are in it to arise to the surface, all which will float and should be carefully skimmed off—After your seed has thus steeped twenty-four hours, run off the steeping water, and so let it drain twenty-four hours; against that period sift some dry wood ashes fine, and mix them with your seed in the proportion of one to four; by this means it will soon become dry and fit to sow, which should be at least by the middle of April, unless the severity of the season might at that time prevent it. Early sown barley is uniformly found to produce the best grain and largest crops. Your seed, treated in this way, and sown, will appear on the fifth day above ground, and on the tenth should be rolled with a wooden roller, drawn by one horse, which will cause the grain to plant and tiller: as your crop progresses, weed it two or three times by hand.—If these directions are carefully followed, you may count on having one third or one half more produce than is generally obtained in the common way where they are wholly omitted. Joined to this, if a dry season ensues, your crop never fails, and your spring will be found better than your fall barley."

* "The roller may be made of the round part of any tree sawed across, to the length of six feet. The diameter at each end of the piece so cut, may be from fourteen to eighteen inches, with iron gudgeons placed at the centre of each end, then an oblong wooden frame rested on them, sufficiently raised to take a pair of shafts for one horse, and to be placed on the center of the frame."

TO WHITEN LINEN CLOTH.

Wet it well, and lay it on the grass in a sunny day; cast water on it in which alum has been dissolved, and a little chalk; use it thus five or six days: then wash or buck it well, and it will become far whiter and thicker than it was before.

Permanent black ink to write upon stuffs and linen, which will not wash out.

Bruse on a stone one ounce of gall-nuts, and put it in a pint of strong white wine vinegar on the fire, with two ounces of iron filings. Evaporate away about one half of the liquor in boiling it gently; strain the remainder, and keep it for use.—It would not be improper to add a little gum-arabic to the above composition.

MAXIMS.

Nature made us with two ears and one mouth, that we might hear much and not talk too much. Whatever is just, is equal; but whatever is equal is not always just.

LITERARY TABLET.

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

Imitated from the French.

ALIKE two sparkling eyes you boast,
Whose lustre oft in gazing lost,
Enraptur'd we adore;
The difference is, with endless wiles,
One tries their force; the other smiles,
Unconscious of their power.

To win our unsuspecting hearts,
Alike in both Love's fatal darts,
In every look are found:
The difference is, on conquest bent,
One throws them round, with fell intent—
The other ne'er would wound.

Of melting heart each is possess'd,
Of love susceptible each breast,
With youthful ardour strong:
The difference is, the flame of one,
With transient glow, would quickly burn,
The other's mild and long.

Alike to charm, by Nature form'd,
Each is with every grace adorn'd,
A passion each excites:
The difference is, the one's design'd
By Art to please; the other's mind
By sentiment delights.

Alike, with intellectual force,
Each can enliven her discourse,
Each gain attentive ear:
The difference is, with sprightly wit
One shines; to t'other we submit
For reasoning just and clear.

Alike to boundless power you reach:
A thousand knees alike to each,
In captive suit are bent!
The difference is, one seeks them ALL:
The other would but ONE enthral—
With one fond heart content!

Alike you bloom in beauty's prime:
With either blest we pass our time,
And both our praise acquire:
The difference is, the wise will say,
The one would please us—for a day,
The other never tire.

LOVE.

I ask no Muse, aid thy deeds to sing,
Nor court in idle strain the tuneful Nine:
He little needs the Heliconian Spring,
Who owns the influence of Thy power divine.
Oh with thy sacred touch my heart refine!
Oh warm my soul with thy celestial ray!
Let Judgment, Fancy, Truth and Wit combine,
To tune my lyre and modulate my lay,
And grace the Tribute which to virtuous Love I
pay.

LYNES

Written in the woody Vale of Bozra.

THE intertwining boughs for thee
Have wove, sweet dell, a verdant vest;
And thou, in turn, shall give to me
A verdant couch upon thy breast.

To shield me from Day's fervid glare
Thine oaks their foliaging arms extend,
As anxious o'er her infant care
I've seen a watchful mother bend.

A brighter cup, a sweeter draught
I gather from that rill of thine,
Than maddening toppers ever quaff'd,
Than all the treasures of the vine.

So smooth the pebbles on its shore,
That not a maid can hither stray,
But counts her string of jewels o'er
And thinks the pearls have slipp'd away.

DIDACTIC POETRY.

The following extracts from an Essay prefixed to Akenhede's Pleasures of Imagination from the elegant pen of Mrs. BARBAULD, will give pleasing instruction to our poetic readers. It is the best lesson on the subject of Didactic Poetry that has come to our knowledge.

Didactic or preceptive poetry seems to include a solecism, for the end of poetry is to please, and of didactic precept the object is instruction. It is however a species of poetry which has been cultivated from the earliest stages of society; at first, probably, for the simple purpose of retaining, by means of the regularity of measure, and the charms of harmony, the precepts of agricultural wisdom, and the aphorisms of economical experience. When poetry came to be cultivated for its own sake, it was natural to esteem the didactic, as in that view it certainly is, a species, of inferior merit, compared with those which are more peculiarly the work of imagination; and accordingly in the more splendid era of our own poetry it has been much less cultivated than many others. Afterwards, when poetry was become an art, and the more obvious sources of description and adventure were in some measure exhausted, the didactic was resorted to, as affording that novelty and variety which began to be the great desideratum in works of fancy.

This species of writing is likewise favoured by the diffusion of knowledge, by which many subjects become proper for general reading which, in a less informed state of society, would have favoured of pedantry and abstruse speculation: for poetry cannot descend to teach the elements of any art or science, or confine itself to that regular arrangement and clear brevity which suit the communication of unknown truths. In fact, the muse would make a very indifferent school-mistress.

Whoever, therefore, reads a didactic poem ought to come to it with a previous knowledge of his subject; and whoever writes one, ought to suppose such a knowledge in his readers. If he is obliged to explain technical terms, to refer continually to critical notes, and to follow a system step by step with the patient exactness of a teacher, his poem, however laboured, will be a bad poem. His office is rather to throw a lustre on such prominent parts of his system as are most susceptible of poetical ornament, and to kindle the enthusiasm of those feelings which the truths he is conversant with are fitted to inspire. In that beautiful poem, the Essay on Man, the system of the author, if in reality he had any system, is little attended to, but those passages which breathe the love of virtue, are read with delight, and fix themselves on the memory. Where the reader has his previous knowledge of the subject, which we have mentioned as necessary, the art of the poet becomes itself a source of pleasure, and sometimes in proportion to the remoteness of the subject from the more obvious province of poetry; we are delighted to find with how much dexterity the artist of verse can avoid a technical term, how neatly he can turn an uncouth word, and with how much grace embellish a scientific idea. Who does not admire the infinite art with which Dr. DARWIN has described the machine of the blood? or Sir RICHARD ARKWRIGHT? His verse is a piece of mechanism, as complete in its kind as that which he describes. Allured perhaps too much by this artificial species of excellence, and by the hopes of novelty, hardly any branch of knowledge has been so abstruse, or so barren of delight, as not to have afforded a subject to the didactic poet. Even the loathsomeness of disease, and the dry maxims of medical knowledge, have been decorated with the charms of poetry. Many of these pieces however owe all their enter-

tainment to frequent digressions. Where these arise naturally out of the subject, as the description of a sheep-shearing feast in DYER, or the praises of Italy in the Georgics, they are not only allowable but graceful; but if forced, as is the story of ORPHEUS and EURIDICE in the same poem, they can be considered in no other light than that of beautiful monsters, and injure the piece they are meant to adorn. The subject of a didactic poem therefore ought to be such as is in itself attractive to the man of taste, for otherwise all attempts to make it so by adventitious ornaments, will be but like loading with jewels and drapery a figure originally defective and ill-made.

A GERMAN PROVERB.

I dined the other day with a friend, at a house, the master and mistress of which are amiable, affable, pleasing companions, and of some political consequence. My friend was particularly distinguished by them during our visit. He was the subject of their praises, and they made the most positive promises of their interest in his favor.

My friend is not without ambition. On our leaving the house, I congratulated him upon the friendship which I heard expressed for him; and anticipated the most happy consequences to his future interests.

"You think then," said he, "that this family entertain a friendship for me. How little are you as yet acquainted with the world! Did you not observe that, when I asked in the hall for my great coat, the servant turned a deaf ear; let me look for it without saying a word; and that it was not until after a quarter of an hour I was able to find it, all covered with dust behind a chest, where he could not but know it was, for I gave it to him on my entrance?"

"And what do you infer from that?"
"What do I infer from that! Always remember this German Proverb:—Would you know whether you are beloved in a family? never mind the behaviour of the master or mistress; but observe how the children and servants treat you, and you will know the truth."

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

A legal gentleman of the Temple, who for a considerable time paid his addresses to the daughter of a bookseller in Holborn, was, some days ago, forbidden the house; on which he immediately sent in a bill of 91l. 13s. 4d. for two hundred and seventy-five attendances, advising on family affairs, &c.

ON A NEAT COUNTRY PARSONAGE-HOUSE.

Hail! sweet retirement, in whose happy cell
Content and meek-eyed Piety doth dwell:
Plain in thy neatness, at thy humble gate
Religion's self is seen, and loves to wait.—
May'st thou, blest mansion, long thy master trust;
Be true to him, as he to God is just!

THE WISH.

I've often wish'd to have a friend,
With whom my choicest hours to spend,
To whom I safely might impart
Each wish and weakness of my heart:
Who might in ev'ry sorrow cheer,
And mingle with my griefs a tear;
For whom alone I wish to be,
And who would only live for me;
And, to secure my bliss for life,
I'd wish that friend to be—a Wife!

Hanover, N. H.

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